THE MODEL AMERICAN GIRL.

A practical, plain young girl;
Not-afraid-of-the-rain young girl;
A poetical posy,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper-of-self young girl.

At-home-in-her-place young girl;
A never-will-lace young girl;
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean,
A princess-of-peace young girl;

A wear-her-own-hair young girl;
A free-from-a-stare young girl;
Improves every hour,
No sickly sunflower,
A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl.

Plenty-room-in-her-shoes young girl;
No indulger-in-blues young girl;
Not a bang on her brow,
To fraud not a bow,
She's a just-what-she-seems young girl.

Not a reader-of-trash young girl;
Not a cheap jewel-flash young girl;
Not a sipper of rum,
Not a chewer of gum,
A marvel-of-sense young girl.

An early-retiring young girl;
An active, aspiring young girl;
A morning ariser,
A dandy despiser,
A progressive American girl.

A lover-of-prose young girl;
Not a turn-up-your-nose young girl;
Not given to splutter,
Not "utterly utter,"
But a matter-of-fact young girl.

A rightly-ambitious young girl;
Red-lips-most-delicious young girl;
A sparkling clear eye,
That says, "I will try,"
A sure-to-succeed young girl.

An honestly-courting young girl;
A never-seen-flirting young girl;
A quite and pure,
A modest demure,
A fit-for-a-wife young girl

A sought-everywhere young girl;
A future-most-fair young girl;
An ever discreet,
We too seldom meet
This queen-among-queens young girl.

—*Virgil A. Pinkley, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

"A literary man, eh?" said Octavia Glenn. "Author of 'Stray Leaves' and 'Floating Fancies!' Then why in the name of all the muses and graces isn't he about his work?"

Little Fernanda drew herself up with some excitement.

"He is having his spring vacation," said she. "He is resting his over-wearied brain a little, before the public shall become clamorous for more writings from his pen."

"Oh!" said Octavia.

"Yes," nodded her younger sister. "And, oh, Octavia, you can't think how charming he is! I have always sighed to know an author. And he isn't a bit conceited or set up!"

"Isn't he?"

"Not a particle. He has written his autograph in my album, and given me a copy of 'Floating Fancies.' And Mary Martinez is quite wild about him. And, Octy—"

"Well?"

"Please don't say anything about the store," coaxed Fernanda. "I have given him to understand that you are taking a course of lessons in music and thorough bass. It isn't genteel to be a shop-girl, you know, and—"

"Hoity toity!" said Octavia, with a toss of her really handsome head. "This is a pretty state of things, and all about a man who writes books. Isn't it just as genteel for me to sell buttons and cologne and lace barbes as it is for him to sell his writings? And haven't I a right to earn my own living in any way that I choose? Fernanda, I didn't think you were such a goose?"

"He is very particular about such things," said Fernanda. "He didn't want an introduction to Melissa Plumb after he heard that she worked in the factory."

"More fool he!" said Octavia, crisply.

"He is a gentleman, you know," pleaded Fernanda.

"Pshaw!" said Octavia.

"Octy's right—Octy's right, my dear," said old Grandfather Glenn, who had been sitting so still in his arm-chair near by that neither of the girls supposed that the subject of their discourse was known to him. "A true gentleman honors the woman as earns her own bread. There's a deal of electroplate in this world, and some of it is laid on so skillful you can't distinguish it from real silver. But the silver's silver for all that, and the other's only humbug!"

Having uttered which oracular sentences old Mr. Glenn once more relapsed into silence.

"Grandpa is so queer!" said Fernanda, with an injured expression of countenance. "But you'll promise me, won't you, dear?"

But Octavia only laughed, and went out into the kitchen to see if the bread was light enough for the oven.

Mr. Fitz Arragon was certainly rather handsome. He was dressed very elegantly, also; he wore what was either a diamond or a very excellent imitation of one on his finger, and his cravats were simply superb. He looked at Octavia Glenn with some interest when they were introduced.

"You are fond of music?' he said, in that soft, insinuating way which Fernanda found so irresistible.

"I don't object to it," said Octavia, bluntly.

"It's a divine gift," said Mr. Fitz Arragon. "May I ask if you are taking lessons from Ferrani or Agramonte?"

"Neither one of 'em," said Octavia.

And at that juncture Fernanda hurried the literary man away to look at a beautiful cluster of trailing arbutus which some one had just brought in from the woods.

"There's no telling what Octy would blurt out if you once gave her the chance," said she.

And she did not breathe freely until Octavia had left the old farmhouse and gone back to her duties in the big fancy store on Twenty-third street.

Octavia herself felt as if some disagreeable pressure were removed from her existence. She was a frank, noble-natured girl, who was saving up her earnings to pay off the mortage on old Grandfather Glenn's farm.

She delighted in work, not only for its own sake, but for the beneficial results it could produce; and she had sufficient of courage and self-denial to live plainly until her object was attained.

She occupied a fireless hall bedroom in a shabby little downtown boarding house, patronized mostly by the guild of working people, whose only recommendation was its scrupulous neatness.

She wore cotton gloves, dyed-over gowns and the plainest of plain bonnets, and through it all she respected herself.

Stay, though—we have not told it all! There was one extravagance in which Octavia Glenn occasionally indulged herself—that of charity. She had a class of innocent-faced children in the mission school, of an evening, and she was a diligent worker in the ranks of a quiet benevolent society, which wrought a great deal of good without any blowing of trumpets.

And one day when the feeble old porter at the store fell ill and his place was vacant, Octavia Glenn constituted herself a committee of one to inquire into the matter.

"Of course you can do as you like, Miss Glenn," said Mr. Idem, the proprietor of the store. "But Ferrigan lives in a most dismal neighborhood, and I'm not sure that it is altogether safe for you to venture there after dark."

"After dark is all the time I have," said Octavia, brusquely. "And it must be a great deal worse to live there than to go once in awhile. I think I'll risk it."

So she begged permission from the boarding-house keeper to make a little farina jelly over the cooking-stove when the heavy, blackberry dumplings, which were to regale the boarders for dessert, were taken up, bought a few strawberries and a small slice of sponge-cake, and set forth to visit old Ferrigan, the porter.

It was a dismal neighborhood, indeed, where the poor old man lived—a neighborhood where piles of ashes in the narrow street made a sort of model of the Rocky mountains, on a small scale, and layers of cabbage-leaves and damaged lettuce festered in the gutter; where rivulets of soapsuds trickled across the pavement; and there appeared to be more feeble groceries than there were people. The very gaslights sulked behind their cloudy lanterns, and the occasional passers prowled by like homeless cats.

"Number ninety-nine," said Octavia, briskly walking into a thread-and-needle store, where an old woman sat fast asleep behind the counter.

"Does Mr. Ferrigan board here?"

The old woman roused herself and looked about.

"Second floor back," said she, and instantly fell asleep again.

Octavia smiled.

"I can find my way myself, I don't doubt," she thought.

And she did.

The whole house seemed to be damp. Blotches of blue mold had broken out here and there on the ceiling, the walls felt damp and clammy to the touch, as if Octavia had put her hand by mistake on a snail; vegetable-scented whiffs came up now and then from the cellar, and the room in which old Ferrigan lay gasping with rheumatic pains felt more like a dungeon than anything else.

No carpet was there, no table, only a shelf, where a dispirited kerosene lamp had smoked its chimney into a black cylinder; no chairs, the window uncurtained; and the shabby bedspread was tattered and soiled until its pattern was beyond all recognition.

Octavia's soul recoiled from this impersonation of hopeless poverty.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Ferrigan?" she asked, after she had tenderly administered the farina-jelly, the fruit and the sponge-cake, straightened up the bedclothes and trimmed the lamp afresh.

"It's very good of you, I am sure," said the old man, with the plaintive courtesy of his nation. "And I'll not deny it was a word of comfort and kindness that I was wearying for. But it won't be needful long, I'm hoping. I've sent word to my son—he's a bookbinder, miss, and doing well at his trade, but it is natural like, don't you see? as he wouldn't like to be dragged down by such a useless old clog as me!"

"But he is your son, isn't he?" cried Octavia; "and you're his father?"

"Faith, and that's true, miss, dear," said old Ferrigan, with a sigh. "But he's a fine, ambitious young man—a rale gintleman to look at, and of a Sunday you couldn't tell him from the gentry themselves. An' he may marry a grand lady yet—who knows?—an' he wouldn't like me to be spoilin' his chances. So I just keep dark, Miss Glenn; an' sometimes I think—Lord forgive me!—that I'd be better dead an' out of the way. But I sent word to him day before yesterday. An' he'll come—I think he'll come!" the old man added, with a scarcely audible sigh.

At that moment a careless step came up the stairs—the door was pushed open and a tall figure strode in.

"Sick again!" said a petulant tone. "It appears to me, old gent'eman, that it's your chief mission in life to make trouble for other people. Well, what is it now? If it's money you want, you may as well understand, first as last, that I can't let you have any. You'll have to swallow that absurd prejudice of yours against charitable institutions, or—"

He stopped short, impelled by the hurried gesture of the old man's hand.

"Somebody's here?" said he, peering through the semi-darkness. "Well, why couldn't you say so? Who is it? The old hag downstairs, or—"

"It is I, Mr. Fitz Arragon," said Octavia, quietly advancing—"Octavia Glenn."

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons!" said Mr. Ferrigan Fitz Arragon, hurriedly assuming his "company" manners. "If I could have imagined that such an honor as this was in store for me—"

"I don't know what you mean by such honors," said Octavia, bluntly. "I am a working girl; you are a bookbinder. We have neither of us any reason to be ashamed of our calling; yet I see no necessity for fine language and stilted titles. Your poor old father is very ill, and seems to be in need of the commonest necessities of life. Suppose you sell your diamond ring and help him?"

That was the end of Mr. Fitz Arragon's pretensions. He never came back to the country solitudes again, to Fernanda Glenn's bitter disappointment.

But how could he face them all, after it was discovered that his "authorship" of "Stray Leaves" and "Floating Fancies" was confined only to putting the covers on the same, and that the real author was a stout, short, old gentleman in spectacles, and that even his name was a fabrication of his own ingenious brain?

Old Mr. Ferrigan died. Perhaps, as he himself had hinted, it was the best and wisest thing he could do.

But Octavia Glenn's kindness and watchful care soothed his last hours, and she had the satisfaction of getting the price of a decent funeral out of the ambitious son.

"A jay in borrowed plumage!" she thought. "I never despised any one so much in my life!"

And when Fernanda bewailed her delusion, old Grandfather Glenn only smiled and said:

"Didn't I tell you that he was only electro-plated?"

The Eye.

The eye is a remarkable organ—remarkable for its powers of endurance, for its toughness, since only a violent blow, even with a hammer, can crush it, as any one may know by an experiment on the eye of a dead animal, as an ox. Its importance is indicated by the manifest care in the protection of it, lying, as it does, on a soft bed of fat in a cavity, with so many bony projections around it that an injury from an ordinary blow, as from a flat club, would be very unusual. The brows and the fringe of the lids do much to prevent dust and perspiration from reaching them, while a supply of tears from a gland above the eye, about three-fourths of an inch long, with from eight to twelve ducts leading to the ball, serve not only to moisten, and in a certain sense to nourish that organ, but to wash away whatever dust may, by chance, get upon the ball. Then tears flow in such a manner as to reach the whole ball, and then flow toward the inner angle, at which point a duct passes the whole down into the cavity of the nose. The frequent and imperceptible winking, generally without any design on our part, lubricating or moistening the ball by the spreading of this eyewater, the best in use, this being the more frequent as the occasion for it is manifest—a curative process. The nearest approach to this tear wash is made from the pith of the sassafras, dissolved in rose-water, wetting the balls often.

If one would preserve the sight of the eye, keep the ball free from inflammation. It is needful not to rub the eye harshly at any time; never to subject it to dazzling or too bright a light; the gas being as bad as any, or at twilight, particularly at night; not to look too intently or too continuously on black cloth or the like, always to discontinue labor or their use just as soon as pain warns, and as much sooner as possible. We may see without effort, "letting them see," not compelling them to see by effort, by straining the sight, since a little observation will teach one that his compulsory sight is specially taxing. Even weak eyes, not reddened too much by the use of carboniferous drinks or food, will do much labor if often rested, avoiding pain, which is the warning to stop.

The Prevention of Insanity.

Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., in a pamphlet on the subject, calls attention to the prevention of insanity as a question which, although much neglected, is at least quite as important as that of the cure of insanity. The disease is very largely dependent on physical and sanitary conditions, and these should be studied out and brought within such regulation as will prevent its development. Since, according to the late Sir James Coxe, insanity originates in some form of disease or in a deterioration of the body rather than in an exclusive affection of the nervous system, its growth should be checked by a general diffusion of the knowledge of the laws of the human organism and the use of all means necessary for the preservation of good health. So far as insanity is hereditary, its transmission should be prevented by avoiding marriage with persons predisposed to it. It should be the aim of the medical profession to become so well acquainted with the diseases of the nervous system and the brain that they could detect the first symptoms of disturbed or deranged states of mind, so as to be able to treat them understandingly, and, in all probability, in many cases successfully. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

There are 418,957 railroad employes in the United States, and they earn annually about $200,000,000.

THE BAD BOY AND THE BAND

HE GETS UP A SERENADE IN HONOR OF HIS PA.

The Old Gentleman Entertains the Serenaders With a Speech and Refreshments—Serious Trouble at the Church.

"What was it I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them in to lunch?" said the grocery man to the bad boy.

"Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes, for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard we had a baby at the house had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him, and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighbors to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted some music, and they didn't care for expense, so they quit blowing where they was and came right along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to go and take a drink when he is invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and got them to play 'Babies on our Block,' and 'Baby Mine,' and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussians were emptying the beer out of the horns, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was more nor a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat, and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, 'cause they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of brick house at them, but my chum and the leader kept them. Then pa sailed in. He commenced, 'Fellow citizens,' and then went away back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa cause I knew how he would feel when he came to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally pa wound up by saying that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the band and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? Well, I should smile. They just reached for things, and talked Bohemian. Drink? Oh, no. I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, and finally they got full and started out, and the leader asked pa for three dollars, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentlemen who had got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and me and my chum lit out, and the Bohemians came down the street bilin' full, with their horns on their arms, and they were talking Bohemian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but you couldn't tell what tune it was, they were so full, and a policeman came along and drove them home. I guess I will sleep at the livery stable to-night, cause pa is offul unreasonable when anything costs him three dollars, beside the champagne."

"Well, you have made a pretty mess of it," said the grocery man. "It's a wonder your pa does not kill you. But what is it I hear about the trouble at the church? They lay that foolishness to you."

"It's a lie. They lay everything to me. It was some of them ducks that sing in the choir. I was just as much surprised as anybody when it occurred. You see, our minister is laid up from the effect of the ride to the funeral, when he tried to run over a street car, and an old deacon, who had symptoms of being a minister in his youth, was invited to take the minister's place and talk a little. He is an absent-minded old party, who don't keep up with the events of the day, and who ever played it on him knew that he was too pious to even read the daily papers. There was a notice of a choir meeting to be read and I think the tenor smuggled in the other notice, between that and the one about the weekly prayer meeting. After the deacon read the choir notice he took up the other one and read, 'I am requested to announce that the Y. M. C. Association will give a friendly entertainment with soft gloves, on Tuesday evening, to which all are invited. Brother John Sullivan, the eminent Boston revivalist, will lead the exercises, assisted by Brother Slade, the Maori missionary from Australia. There will be no slugging, but a collection will be taken up at the door to defray expenses.' Well, I thought the people in church would sink through the floor. There was not a person in the church, except the poor old deacon, but what understood that some wicked wretch had deceived him and I know by the way the tenor tickled the soprano, that he did it. I may be mean, but everything I do is innocent and I wouldn't be as mean as a choir singer for two dollars. I felt real sorry for the old deacon, but he never knew what he had done, and I think it would be real mean to tell him. He won't be at the slugging match. That remark about taking up a collection settled the deacon. I must go down to the stable now and help grease a hack, so you will have to excuse me. If pa comes here looking for me, tell him you heard I was going to drive a picnic party out to Waukesha, and may not be back in a week. By that time pa will get over that Bohemian serenade," and the boy filled his pistol pocket with dried apples and went out and hung a sign in front of the grocery, "Strawberries two shillin a smell, and one smell is enuff."—*G. W. Peck.*

The Law of Mistakes.

The source of almost every lawsuit is to be found in mistakes. These are of two kinds—mistakes of fact and mistakes of law. Experience has proved that the ablest men sometimes make blunders, and the law has decided that a real mistake of fact in an important part of a contract will excuse the party mistaken from performing his part of the agreement.

For instance: A man made a contract with one ice company and refused to deal with another. When the bill was presented he found that the latter company had supplied his ice. He refused to pay the bill, and it was decided that the mistake freed him from liability.

A horse was sold by a trader and paid for on the spot. While the trade was going on the horse died. The buyer brought suit for the money paid, and it was decided it should be paid back, since both parties had made a mistake of fact in supposing the horse to be alive when the trade was ended.

If a farmer intending to sell hay sells oats by mistake instead, he may refuse to deliver the oats on that ground. It sometimes happens that a bill is paid by mistake with counterfeit bank notes. In such a case the payment is void and the receipt taken is worthless.

A mistake in the quality of the thing bargained for is no ground for breaking an agreement. If a man buys a cheap thing, with the idea that it will serve his purpose as well as a more expensive article, he cannot, because he was mistaken, send it back and recover the money paid.

A mistake of law is no ground for refusing to carry out a contract. This rule is founded on the old maxim, "Ignorance of the law doth not excuse." And every man is supposed to know the law of the land he lives in.

Suppose a debtor gives his note, promising to pay a sum of money with lawful interest, thinking that the legal rate is seven per cent. If ten per cent. is the legal interest, his ignorance of the fact will not excuse him from paying the ten per cent.

When well known legal words are used in a contract, with a mistaken idea of their legal meaning, they are binding, in their legal sense, upon the person using them.

If land is deeded to a man and to his heirs, he receives the estate absolutely, although both parties intended that he should only have the estate during his own life.

Some mistakes of law put an end to agreements on the ground that they are rather mistakes of fact than of law. An executor of a will pays money to a person whom he thinks is an heir. If the supposed heir be an imposture, the money can be recovered. If, under a complicated will, a person buys rights which are his already, he may get back what he paid for them.

Mistakes of law in civil cases only cost money; but mistakes of the criminal law have more serious effects, in the loss of respectability and reputation. Here the plea of ignorance of the law will not be accepted. A criminal must suffer the penalty of his deed, though he thought it lawful when he committed it.

Formerly an outlaw might be slain by anybody; but if a private person should now kill an outlaw, with an idea that he had a right to do so, it would be punishable as murder.—*Youth's Companion.*

Shoes of a New Sort.

About 150 prisoners in the Maryland penitentiary are engaged in the manufacture of merino shoes. The merino shoe is made of coarse wool from South America. It is put through the usual processes of cleaning and carding at the penitentiary, and is then steamed, hardened and made into a tough, pliable cloth about twice the thickness of ordinary shoe leather, and in general appearance not unlike the uppers in arctic overshoes. The soles are made in the same way, of the same material, but are harder and heavier. The shoes are not impervious to water, but are intended for use principally in the dry, cold climates of the North. It is stated that, no matter how low the temperature, the feet will never get cold when encased in these shoes. The shoes are shipped principally to the North and Northwest, where they are used in the lumber camps.

Under the Hatband.

Gentlemen should never fail to investigate beneath the sweat bands of their new hats. These bands are stitched in by girls, and it has come to be quite a common thing for them to either write their name and address on the inside of the band, or to write it, sometimes including a little note, upon a slip of paper stitched in. If a girl is of an aspiring nature she honors only the most expensive hats with her name; but oftentimes the name of a don't-care girl may be found in the plainest kind of a felt slouch. It is authoratively stated that several good matches have been cemented upon the basis of a hatband note.—*Waterbury American.*

A PERSIAN SERENADE.

Hark! as the twilight pale
Tenderly glows,
Hark! how the nightingale
Wakes from repose!
Only when, sparkling high,
Stars fill the darkling sky,
Unto the nighting ale
Listens the rose.

Here where the fountain tide
Murmuring flows,
Airs from the mountain side
Fan thy repose,
Eyes of thine glistening,
Look on me, listening;
I am thy nightingale,
Thou art my rose.

Sweeter the strain he weaves,
Fainter it flows
Now, as her balmy leaves
Blushingly close.
Better than minstrelsy,
Lips that meet kissingly
Silence thy nightingale—
Kiss me, my rose!

—*Bayard Taylor (hitherto unpublished).*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A plucky job—Dressing fowls.

The gossip is like a bicycle, in that she is exceedingly liable to run a person down.

Now is the time to lend your skates to your poor neighbor. It will show your generosity.

The New Orleans *Picayune* raises the question whether a goat can be relied upon in court as an evidence in rebuttal.

The most difficult arithmetic that a man has to face is when he tries to reconcile a $20 salary with a $30 wife. —*Puck.*

"Let every man add a good name to his other capital," quoted the forger when he fixed up a ten-thousand-dollar check.—*Drummer.*

Women do not marry for love, or money, or dry goods. They marry in hope that they may have spring house-cleaning to do.—*Courier-Journal.*

Doctors are generous men. Who ever knew of a doctor rushing out to chase away boys who were taking fruit from his trees?—*Somerville Journal.*

To throw a stone at a neighbor's chickens, and have it fly through plate glass windows, entitles a man to the credit of being a crack shot.—*Waterloo Observer.*

We often hear the expression that "the fire has gone out." And it is said that in some of our large places you can actually see the fire escape. —*Marathon Independent.*

"A little too much repose about the mouth for it to be natural," was the remark of a husband to a West End photographer who had taken his wife's photograph.—*Boston Post.*

A little boy astonished his companions the other day by telling them that he had "a spanking team at his house." An excited crowd of boys had walked nearly home with him, when one of them asked: "What d'ye call 'em?" "Pa and ma," was the reply.—*Hawkeye.*

The hair of a girl employed in an Eastern cotton mill was caught in the machinery, torn off her head and ground into bits. But the girl didn't mind it much. She kept right on at her work, simply remarking that it only cost her $4, anyhow. This is one of the advantages of art over nature.

And now the small boy unravels the ancient stocking to secure yarn with which to make a baseball. And when he has the ball made, he cuts the leg off one of his father's boots to make a cover of; and when the parent discovers the liberty taken with his boot, the small boy wishes he had used it as lining for his trousers.—*Puck.*

A "fashion" item says: "The lozenge shape is the most fashionable for pills, which should be coated with silver, and look very inviting." This appears to be a new departure in fashion intelligence, and next it will be in order to describe whether the new shape in porous plasters is octagon or oblong, and if they are trimmed with gimp braid or guipure lace; and we may be told that the most fashionable tints in castor oil are terra cotta and fawn color; and that liver-pads are cut in the form of a heart, with scalloped edges, and lined with ciel blue satin.—*Norristown Herald.*

There's Where He Had Her.

"Two hundred dollars for making a plain dress?" he yelled, as he saw the bill—"I'll never pay it!"

"You have been very stingy with me for the last year," she replied.

"You are extravagant!"

"No more than you are!"

"I'll never pay this bill!"

"You must!"

"Never!"

"Then I'll pawn my diamonds and pay it myself!"

"Ha!"

"Yes, ha!"

He goes out chuckling. He knows her to be a woman of her word, and he is wondering how she will feel as the pawnbroker politely hands them back, with the observation:

"We never advance money on the paste article!"—*Wall Street News.*

Elephant's Milk.

The composition of elephant's milk, according to the analysis of Dr. Quesneville, in the *Moniteur Scientifique*, is similar to that of cream, but its consistency is different. Its odor and taste are very agreeable, and the taste is superior to that of most other kinds of milk. It is about equal to cow's milk in quality. In view of these facts, *La Nature*, of Paris, does not despair of seeing the day when an adventurous speculator shall bring a troop of elephants to be driven through the streets of the city as goats are now driven, to furnish each customer with his cup of milk direct from the teat.